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POETRY.

ALLAH'S ANSWER.

[FROM THE ARABIC.]

"Allah, Allah!" cried the sick man,
Rack'd with pain the long night through,
Till with prayer his heart grew tender,
Till his lips like honey grew.

But at morning came the tempter,
Said, "Call louder, child of pain!
See if Allah ever hear
Or answers, 'Hear am I' again."

Like a stab the cruel cavil
Through his burning pulses went,
To his heart an icy coldness,
To his brain a darkness sent.

Then before him stands Elias,
Says, "My child, why thus dismayed?
Dost repent thy former fervor—
Is thy soul of prayer afraid?"

"Ah!" he cried, "I've called so often,
Never heard the 'Here am I,'
And I thought God will not pity,
Will not turn on me His eye."

Then the grave Elias answered,
"God said, 'Rise, Elias, go
Speak to him the sorely tempted,
Lift him from his gulf of woe.

Tell him that his very longing
Is itself an answering cry,
That his prayer, 'Come, gracious Allah!'
Is my answer, 'Here am I.'

Every inmost aspiration
Is God's angel undefiled,
And in every 'O my Father,'
Slumbers deep a 'Here, my child.' "

THE KEYS OF ST. PETER;

OR,

VITTORIA ACCORAMBONI.

A TRUE ITALIAN HISTORY.

CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

Vittoria and her husband were accompanied on their journey by that Ludovico Orsini of whose dealings with the peace officers of the city the reader has already heard. He, too, as may readily be imagined, found Rome under Sixtus the Fifth no longer a desirable residence. Things were not as they had been. The good old times, when a gentleman could live like a gentleman, were gone.

This Ludovico, who had thus fallen on bad times, was a cousin of the prince; and being, as we have seen, a gentleman of high rank and nice feelings when the honor of the family was in question, had been grievously pained and offended by the misalliance made by the head of his race. The enmity arising from this circumstance was not towards the powerful and wealthy head of his house, who 'had been bewitched, poor fellow!' but wholly against Vittoria, the bewitching. So that, for her at least, this addition to the family traveling party did not promise to alleviate any of the disagreeable circumstances which necessarily attached to it.

Bearing in mind what journeys were in those days under the best circumstances, one may fancy that Vittoria, with her diseased and shockingly unwieldy husband, and the hostile kinsman, who hated her for the cause not only of disgrace to his family, but for this exile from their homes in the world's capital, did not much enjoy her 'bridal trip.' We are inclined to be decidedly of the opinion of the Roman lady of rank, and to think that there was nothing, at all events yet, to repay one for murdering a husband.

It was in the territory of Venice that Orsini had determined on seeking a safe asylum and a home.—There had been a connection of long standing between the government of the great republic and the Orsini family, more than one of the name having held command of the forces of the Queen of the Adriatic.—And when at length the travelers had arrived within a short distance of the city, the senate sent messages to offer Orsini a guard of honor, and a public entry into the city. This, however, the prince declined; and thinking, probably, that under all the circumstances the less of publicity attending his movements the better, he determined on not going to Venice at all.—Turning his steps, therefore, towards Pudua, he hired in that city a magnificent palace for his residence during the coming winter, and then moving on in the direction of the Lago di Garda, established himself for the summer at Salo, a lovely spot at the head of a little bay on the western shore of the lake, at no very great distance from Brescia.

Ludovico Orsini, in the mean time, had gone on to Venice; and shortly succeeded in obtaining from the senate the command of the Venetian troops in Corfu.

Orsini and his wife remained during the rest of the summer at Salo; where, says the historian, 'he hired a superb villa, and strove by various pastimes to divert his wife, and his own profound melancholy caused by his infirmities of body, which became more

and more troublesome, and by the memories of Rome, and of his own excesses.' The picture of the 'interior, of Vittoria and her princely husband in their delicious villa in one of the loveliest spots in Europe, is not hard to imagine. Only we should be inclined to suggest, that in all probability the parts sustained in that domestic drama, as far as the efforts to amuse were concerned, were rather the reverse of the cast supposed by the historian. We cannot but suspect that these 'efforts' fell to the share of the young wife, while the all too unamusable patient was the princely husband. Perhaps, also, we might venture to infer that these sweet summer months on the beautiful shores of the lake beloved by poets, were not a period of unmixed connubial felicity to the lady Vittoria. The reward of ambition had not come yet.—But perhaps it was coming, and that in no very distant future. That one's newly married husband should weigh twenty stone, and have a "lupa" consuming his bloated limbs, may in one point of view be unfavorable circumstances. But from a different stand-point they may be very much the reverse. After all, a well-jointured widow-hood, to be made the most of while yet in the flower of her age and the pride of her beauty, with the rank of a princess, and the revenue of one, might be a better thing than to be the wife of either a pope's nephew or a great prince. We can understand that the position of a wife may well have begun to show itself to the beautiful and accomplished Vittoria as not the most desirable in the world.

Still Vittoria could not disguise from herself that she had rather difficult cards to play. The whole of the great Orsini clan were her enemies, for the same reason that moved the enmity of Ludovico. From the Pope she had little reason to expect either favor or protection. The Duke of Florence, and the powerful Cardinal dei Medici, his brother, were hostile to her, on the grounds which have been explained. Her own eldest brother, the only one of them who had such a position as could have enabled him to afford her any support or protection, had also been estranged from her by the marriage she had contracted in despite of his prohibition. It was a dreary out-look into the future for a young beauty only a few years out of her girlhood. And as her husband's increasing malady brought the consideration of it more closely before her, she felt that she should need all that the most cautious prudence and self-possession could effect.

Orsini, to do him justice, seems to have been anxious, when the conviction of the great precariousness of his life forced itself on him, to make the best provision he could for her who had been either the partner or the victim of his crime. About the beginning of November in that autumn of 1585, he made spontaneously, as the historians especially assure us, a will bequeathing to Vittoria a hundred thousand crowns in money, besides a very considerable property in plate, jewels, furniture, carriages, horses, etc. It was further ordered that a palace should be purchased for her in any city of Italy she might select, of the value of ten thousand crowns, and a villa of the value of six thousand. Moreover, a household of forty servants was to be maintained for her. And the Duke of Ferrara was named the executor of this will.

Having made this provision, the prince determined on a journey to Venice in search of better medical aid. But a journey in this direction did not by any means suit the plans which Vittoria had determined on. Reflecting on the dangerous amount of hostility which would surround her on every side as soon as her husband should have breathed his last, and conscious that this would be increased by the exorbitancy of the provisions of the will in her favor, she had made up her mind that her only safe course was to get her husband out of Italy while it was yet possible, over the Swiss frontier, which is at no great distance from Salo, so that at the moment of his death she and her property might be in safety under the protection of the Cantons. But the journey to Venice threatened to destroy this scheme, for it became daily more evident that the end was not far off.

Vittoria, therefore, strove to pursuade him, before they had got far on their way, to return to Salo.—And, as the sufferings of the invalid in traveling were greater than he had anticipated, she had not much difficulty in doing so; though the difficulty of moving, which drove him back, seemed to promise ill for the scheme of getting him to travel very far in the opposite direction.

On the twelfth of November, however, Orsini felt a little better. On the thirteenth his physicians bled him, and left him with somewhat of better hope that, by strict attention to a severe system of diet, and extreme temperance, some degree of restoration might be looked for. To Vittoria this reprieve was all-important, as promising a possibility of putting her plan for escaping into a secure asylum into execution.—The noble patient only knew that he felt better than he had for many days; and, little in the habit of suffering a denial to the demands of any of his appetites, and delighted to find that any of them were still sufficiently alive to afford him the means of a gratification, he ordered, as soon as ever the doctors were out of the house, that dinner should be served him. Nobody dared to disobey or to remonstrate; so fine a thing is it to be too great a man to be contradicted.—The dinner was brought, and once again the gross body had the pleasure of swallowing. The prince, says the historian, ate and drank as usual. But, scarcely had he finished his repast, before he fell into a state of insensibility; in which condition he remained till two hours before sunset, when he expired.

CHAPTER VIII.—WIDOWHOOD IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY: ITS PROS AND CONS.

This sudden catastrophe was a terrible blow to Vittoria, who seems to have been perfectly well aware of all the dangers and difficulties of her position. 'As soon as she saw that the prince was dead,' writes the monk Tempesti, 'the ill-advised Vittoria fell into a swoon; and when she recovered from it, gave way to utter despair, oppressed by the tumult of thoughts which all at once rushed to her mind. She thought of the loss of her present grandeur, of the necessity of returning to an obscure life without protectors and without support, exposed to the rage of the Orsini, detested by Ludovico, by the Cardinal dei Medici, and by all that royal family. She saw vividly before her, her first murdered husband, who upbraided her with the great love he had borne her. And this painful thought was rendered more insupportable by the incomparable greatness of the Peretti family, now that Sixtus was pope.—[to be continued.]

SELECTIONS FROM MODERN HUMORISTS.

VALENTINE VOX, THE VENTRILOQUIST.

SCENE 1.—THE ELECTION.

We introduce our readers to the humorous adventures of Valentine Vox, the Ventriloquist. The curious faculty of ventriloquism—or the faculty of throwing one's voice so that it appears to come from some person or object at a distance—was, we learn, early developed in the hero of the following scenes. After practicing until he was fully capable of counterfeiting voices, and throwing whatever expressions he pleased into the mouths of the victims of his practical humor, he starts out for the enjoyment of his gift.

Valentine's first grand display in public was at a meeting convened at the Guildhall, for the purpose of electing a fit and proper person to fill the vacancy occasioned by the lamentable death of Mr. Paving Commissioner Cobb. Party feeling on that occasion ran high; and the hall at the appointed hour was crowded to excess by the friends of the candidates, who looked at each other as if the laws only prevented the perpetration of cannibalism on the spot.

As the mayor was about to open the important business of the day, with the expression of a lively hope that all parties would have a fair and impartial hearing, Valentine entered the hall, and having, by virtue of perseverance, reached the steps of the rostrum from which the electors were to be addressed, prepared at once to commence operations.

The first speaker was Mr. Creedale, an extremely thin gentleman, with an elaborately-chiselled nose, who came forward on the liberal side to nominate Mr. Job Stone.

'Gentlemen!' said Mr. Creedale.

'Nonsense!' cried Valentine, in an assumed voice of course, which appeared to proceed from a remote part of the hall.

'Gentlemen!' repeated Mr. Creedale, with some additional emphasis.

'Pooh, pooh!' exclaimed Valentine, changing the tone.

'It may,' said Mr. Creedale, 'be nonsense, or it may be pooh, pooh! but, gentlemen, I address you as gentlemen, and beg that I may not be interrupted.'

'O, don't mind Tibbs; go on!' cried Valentine.

'Oh! Tibbs; indeed!' observed Mr. Creedale, with a contemptuous curl of the lip. 'It's Mr. Tibbs, it it?'

'No, no!' cried the accused individual, who was a highly respectable grocer, and remarkable for his quiet and unassuming demeanor.

'I am surprised at Mr. Tibbs,' said Mr. Creedale in continuation—'I have until now regarded him as an individual—'

'No, no!' again vociferated Tibbs, 'it arn't me; I arn't spoke a synnable.'

'If Mr. Tibbs,' observed the mayor, 'or if any other gentleman be desirous of addressing the meeting, he will have an opportunity of doing so anon.'

'Upon my honor!' exclaimed Tibbs, 'I've—'

Here there were general cries of 'Order, order! chair?' when Mr. Creedale continued:

'Gentlemen, without adverting to any extraneous matter, it gives me unspeakable pleasure to propose—'

'A revolutionist!' growled Valentine in a heavy bass voice.

'That's me, I s'pose!' exultingly cried Tibbs, shaking his head and giving a most triumphant wink.

'I know whose voice that is,' said Mr. Creedale. 'That's the voice of the conservative bully. Yes that's Mr. Brownrigg.'

'What!' shouted Brownrigg, in a voice of indignant thunder.

'What?' echoed Mr. Creedale.

'Say it's me again,' shouted Brownrigg, 'just only so much as say it's me again.'

'Mr. Brownrigg,' observed the mayor, 'will be pleased to conduct himself here with propriety.'

'What do you mean?' exclaimed Brownrigg, 'Why fix upon me?'

'That is not the first time,' observed Mr. Creedale, 'that Mr. Brownrigg has been here with the view of blustering for the conservatives; but it won't—'

'As true as life!' exclaimed Brownrigg, 'I never opened my lips. If I did—'

Loud cries of 'Order, order! Question! Chair, chair!' drowned the conclusion of the sentence, however interesting it might have been, and Mr. Creedale resumed:

'As I was about to observe, gentlemen, when disgracefully interrupted, it gives me great pleasure to propose Mr. Stone as—'

'A dickey!' screamed Valentine, assuming the shrill voice of a female—'Don't have him! he's a dickey!'

Here the entire meeting cried 'Shame!' and the candidate rose to repel the insinuation.

'Officers!' shouted the mayor, 'instantly turn that depraved woman out!'

Hereupon a corps of corporate constables entered with their staves, and rushed to the spot from which the sound appeared to proceed; but no woman was discoverable.

'Whoop!' cried Valentine, throwing his voice to another part of the hall, and the officers rushed to that part with the most praiseworthy precipitation, legally assaulting every elector who stood in their way; but no sooner had they reached the spot proposed than 'the depraved woman' appeared to be laughing outright in the very body of the meeting. Away went the constables, following the sound, and enraged beyond measure at their inability to catch her, when in an instant another 'whoop' was heard to proceed from the spot they had just quitted. Back went the constables, knocking aside every man who they came near, and thus creating a scene of indescribable confusion.

'Turn her out!' cried the mayor, in loud tones of insulted dignity; 'turn her out!'

'Blarm me!' cried the fattest of the constables, foaming with rage, 'we can't find her!'

Again loud laughter was heard, in which at length the whole meeting joined on beholding the laudable ardor with which the constables kept up the chase.

'You abandoned creature!' cried the mayor, 'why don't you leave the hall?'

'Let me alone! let me alone!' cried the creature, 'and I'll be quiet' and immediately a scream was heard, succeeded by sounds indicative of the 'creature' being just on the point of fainting. The constables fancied that they were sure of her then, and therefore made another rush; but without more success. At length the mayor exclaimed, 'Let her be; leave her to her own conscience,' when the constables with the greatest reluctance withdrew, and comparative silence was restored.

Mr. Creedale then resumed: 'A weak invention of the enemy, (No, no! and loud cheers)—I repeat—

'You're a fool!' cried Valentine in a singular gruff tone, on which there were again loud cries of 'shame!' and 'order!'

'I'll commit the first man,' cried the mayor, with a swell of indignation, 'who again interrupts these important proceedings, be he whomsoever he may.'

'You can't, old boy!' cried Valentine.

'Who, who is that?' said the mayor—'I demand to know instantly who it is that dares thus to—'

'Dares!' exclaimed Valentine.

'Dares! ay, Dares!' cried the mayor. 'I'll give five pounds to any man who will point out to me that atrocious individual.'

The electors at this moment stared at each other, and all appeared lost in amazement.

The mayor again rose, and assuming a more tranquil tone, said, 'Really, gentlemen, this conduct is perfectly disgraceful. In the course of my experience I never met with anything even remotely comparable to—'

'Jonathan Sprawl,' cried Valentine; 'he is the man.'

'If,' said the mayor, 'I thought that—but no, no, I am certain Mr. Sprawl—'

'I assure you,' said Jonathan, 'the interruption did not proceed from me, on my honor. He who says that it did, is a slanderer and no gentleman; and I tell him so openly to his teeth.'

'I am satisfied,' said the mayor, 'quite satisfied, and therefore do trust that we shall now be permitted to proceed.'

Mr. Creedale, who was still in possession of the chair, again resumed;—'I am not inclined,' said he, 'to indulge on this occasion in anything which may tend to create feelings of irritation; but I must be permitted to say that am utterly astonished at the conduct of—'

'Mr. Maxill!' said Valentine, imitating the voice of Mr. Creedale, the speaker.

'Demme!' cried Maxill, who was a short stumpy man, with a remarkably raw-beefy face, 'I begs to rise to order. Demme! I claims the protection of the cheer, and if so be as Mr. Creedale means for to mean as it's me, why, demme, I repels the insiniwation—(applause)—I repels the insiniwation, and means for to say this, that all I can say is—(bravo, Maxill)—all I can say is, demme, is this—'

'You're an ass!' cried Valentine, throwing his voice immediately behind Mr. Maxill, 'hold your tongue!'"

Within the sphere of the reader's observation, it has in all probability occurred that a man, being, in nautical phraseology, three sheets in the wind, and writhing under the lash of some real or imaginary insult, has made desperate efforts to reach an opponent through the barrier composed of mutual friends; if so, if the reader should ever have beheld an individual in that interesting position, foaming and plunging, and blustering and occasionally striking his dearest friend, in his efforts to get at the enemy, he is qualified to form some conception of the scene of which "little fatty Maxill" was the hero. He fancied that he had discovered the delinquent. Nothing could shake his faith in the assumed fact, that an individual named Abraham Bull, who happened to be standing at the time in his immediate vicinity, was the person by whom he had been insulted. He therefore sprang at him with all the ferocity at his command; but being checked by those around, who were conscious of Bull's perfect innocence, he, bent upon vengeance continued knocking and bullying, and dealing out his blows right and left, with the most perfect indiscrimination, until the constables lifted him clean off his legs, and without any further ceremony rolled him into the street.

THE GOLDSMITH'S APPRENTICE.

A TALE OF ST. PETERSBURG IN 1796.

St. Petersburg was in consternation; for the Czar had that morning degraded his favorite Cabinet Minister, and sentenced him to exile in the mines of Siberia. Count S— had been the Emperor's most honest adviser; and, with the exception of a few persons who detested him for his sincerity and his imperviousness to a bribe, was universally beloved by the people. His fall therefore came on them like a thunderbolt; the more so, as no assignable cause for his degradation could be hazarded.

Even the Count himself was astounded. Accustomed as he had been to the wayward caprice of a despotic ruler, and knowing that in the eyes of such,even the most honest action may be construed into a treasonable design, he still felt the consciousness that he had ever served his country faithfully, and to the best of his ability, and therefore felt that his degradation was as unjust as his sentence was cruel. But it was not so much for himself that he grieved. He had been a widower for many years, and of all his children none was left to him save one daughter, Katinka, the flower of his old age. It was for her that he felt heart-broken. She was the cause that his tears flowed fast down his furrowed cheeks, and that his silvered head was bowed down to the ground.

"If I were quite alone in the world, it would matter little; there are not so many years in store for me," he muttered to himself.

"But, dear father," said a soft voice in his ear; you are not alone, and will not be alone. See! there is even yet a bright spot among the dark clouds;" and with these words, his daughter placed in his hands a royal mandate which empowered the exile to take with him his daughter and a servant into banishment.

"My child! what have you done? you sacrifice your young days among those bleak and barren steppes! No; no, it cannot be."

But we will draw a veil over the out-pourings of the father's and daughter's hearts. Suffice it only to say that Katinka by her tears and entreaties at last wrung a reluctant consent from her father that she should accompany him into exile.

"But whom shall we take with us?" she asked presently, in a cheerful and confident voice.

"You may well ask, whom?" he answered, sadly; "you will not find one among all my dependants who would follow in my service. No, no," he added, with a tinge of sarcasm, "they will prefer to quaff the tokay of my rival successor, to drinking the icy cold water of Jenisei."

With a confident step, Katinka sped away on her errand, feeling sure that some one at least among the numerous dependants of the family, who owed fortune, fame and, may be, life to her father, would now be willing to show his gratitude by accompanying him in his dreary exile.

In a humble cottage on the outskirts of the city an old man was kneeling before an image of his patron saint. But his devotions were disturbed by a loud knock at the door, which he arose from his bended knees to open. It was his only child—his son Feodore.

"Is it then true, my father, that our beloved master is sentenced to banishment; and that he is to set out to-morrow?" the young man inquired.

"Alas! my son—it is too true!"

"And will the city, the nobility, the townpeople, look on in silence while the benefactor of their country is cast out from home and hearth?" inquired the youth impetuously. "And what is to become of his daughter," he resumed, not waiting for any answer, "and who is to accompany him into his banishment?"

Just then the door of the cottage opened, and Katinka herself stood before them.

"Good Nicholas!" she began, addressing the old man, "are none of my father's servants here?"

"None, noble lady!"

"Alas! then we are forsaken indeed! But to think that not one of those who used to kneel down before him, and called him their savior, can be found ready and willing to offer him this last service!"

"What!" interrupted the old man, "do you mean, noble lady, to say that they could follow him but will not?"

"Even so," was the sad reply.

"Then will I!" and he knelt down before the young girl and respectfully kissed her hand. "Then will I, old as I be, with the help of my patron saint, St. Stephen, share evil and good with him. For twenty years have I lived under him in this cottage. Here I married, and hence I carried out my wife when struck down by fever. Yes! I will follow him!"

"Nay, good friend," replied Katinka, in a tone of gratitude; "you are too old—too infirm to undertake such a toilsome journey. I did not refer to you. No! your age and failing strength would prove a burden rather than a comfort to my father."

"True! lady, I forgot that," interrupted the old man, "but I will go out myself and speak with the ungrateful hinds!"

"It seems derogatory to my father's honor to have to ask twice," answered the lady, proudly. "Maybe I yet may be able to find one, sufficiently miserable to consider it no further addition to his misery to follow my father, though it be into exile."

"Yes—surely you will find one," now cried Feodore, emerging from the corner of the room, where he had been standing, unperceived by Katinka. "I will go!

you do not remember me, lady, but he," pointing to his father, 'will be my guarantee that I speak truly from my heart!"

"I not know you, Feodore!" exclaimed Katinka; "think you I can so readily forget him who saved my life from drowning when but a child? And you will accompany us?"

"Yes, lady, that will he," said Feodore's father, answering for him. "He will discharge his new duties as faithfully as he has his old ones."

"Then may God and all his saints bless you both!" exclaimed Katinka, as her tears fell fast down her cheek. A hectic blush passed over the young man's face as he knelt down on one knee and fervently kissed the hem of the lady's dress.

"My son," said the old man, when the two were once more alone; you have said you will go with him and you have said well and nobly."

"With him, father?" interrupted Feodore. "Did she not say 'with us?' Does not she then accompany the Count into exile?"

"Yes, truly! but it is a great sacrifice you have made; and yet my loss is ten times greater," and the old man wept bitterly.

"Us! yes, she said 'us' !" continued Feodore, heedless of his father's tears.

Just then a man entered with a request that they should at once repair to the palace of the Count; a request which they immediately obeyed.

"My children," said the Count, as they entered the apartment, "I have sent for you to learn from your own lips whether it is true what my daughter has just told me. For no one shall sacrifice himself for me against his own will. Let me then hear, good Nicholas, first from your lips, whether your son's determination to accompany me into exile meets with your sanction?"

"Yes, gracious master, the lad is but discharging his duty; and even though none are left to tend my dying bed, I bless him for it."

"And you, Feodore," resumed the Count, turning to the young man, "pause; reflect well. You are leaving life, a good position, wealth, an aged and beloved father, for a living death, a miserable existence for slavery. Better stay with him! What, no! Then accept my thanks—my blessing—for your noble conduct. See, my friends, let us drink together, us three, a parting goblet," and with these words he filled a silver beaker with sparkling wine, and handed it to Nicholas.

"To the due fulfilment of your duties, my son," said the old man, turning towards Feodore, as he drained the goblet to the dregs.

Again the Count filled it, and handed it to Feodore; who, sinking on his knees and raising the cup aloft, said in solemn tones—

"In the name of the Holy Trinity, I swear to be a true and faithful servant to you and your daughter."

"Then to-morrow at daybreak I rob you of your dearest treasure on earth, old friend," said the Count, much moved at the affecting scene. "Till then, farewell! I have much to arrange."

When father and son had once more returned to their humble dwelling, Feodore, who had been wrapt in deep thought, suddenly exclaimed—

"You are witness, father, that I consented to follow them before she said 'us,' did I not?"

"Doubtless; but why this question? it was not the daughter, surely, you would follow?"

"Enough, enough! you are witness that I pressed the thorn to my bosom before I perceived that there was a rose budding on its stem. Alas, father, I love her."

"You dream, Feodore," replied his father, amazed; "remember, though in Siberia, she will still be a countess, and you but a goldsmith's apprentice. Beware, lest you change her father's blessing into a curse; yours she can never be."

"Mine!" answered Feodore, amazed; "how can you think I ever presumed so far? To live for her, to die for her, will be my highest happiness."

* * * * *

A strange and awful occurrence took place that night in St. Petersburg. When the sun arose the next morning, its rays shone on the Emperor Paul's murdered body. Of course, in the tumult that ensued but little heed was given to the fulfilment or revocation of the late Czar's commands. There was a new master to please now; even Count S— forgot his own sorrows in the whirl of excitement. That very day he was summoned to appear at court: he obeyed, and to his surprise, instead of finding that his sentence of banishment was to be carried into effect, the Emperor bade him draw near, and graciously offered his hand to kiss. The Count's colorless lips trembled as they touched it, for it seemed just as if a bloodstain were upon it.

"You will remain in my service, Count?" asked Alexander, courteously.

"Gracious sire, I trust you will pardon me. Yesterday I was an old man; but the last night has added many years to my age. With one foot already in the grave, my only wish is to seek for peace. I would fain, with your royal permission, retire to my country estate, there to await the hour which cannot be far distant."

"Your wish is granted. But is there anything else I can do? you have but to ask."

"If I might venture to ask a boon," replied the Count, "I would beg your Majesty to sanction the union of my daughter with—Feodore Solkow, the—the goldsmith's apprentice."

The Emperor raised his eyes in astonishment, as he regarded the Count, who still remained kneeling.

"A strange request, Count. Reflect on the different conditions of the young people!"

"Pardon me, gracious sire," interrupted the Count; "though of humble origin, he is noble at heart, and deserves this, aye, and more than this, from me. When all the world turned their backs on me, when the butterflies of fashion that had flitted in my salons, and had professed their willingness to go through fire and water to gain if it were but an approving word from my daughter's lips—when amongst all my dependants not one was willing to share their master's fate, this youth came forward; he gave up all for me. What I had thought to see accomplished on the banks of the Jenisei, I now pray your Majesty may be celebrated in this your royal city."

"Be it so! answered the Emperor, waving his hand.

Next day Katinka and Feodore kneeled together at the altar of the Orthodox Church of Russia as man and wife.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1868.

THE FINGER OF GOD IN HISTORY.

ELI B. KELSEY'S LECTURE, ETC.

The true use of history is not merely to preserve an exact account of the order and manner in which nations and individuals have played their part in the Great Drama of a world's life, but to trace the evidences of a Directing Hand controlling the affairs of men to some special end. To satisfy ourselves that an eye to the constant progress of our race has influenced the direction of human affairs from the beginning. This is one of the most blessed lessons of life and history is only properly studied when pursued with this end in view.

On this subject, we direct attention to some of the points of a Lecture lately delivered at the Thirteenth Ward Assembly Rooms, by Mr. Kelsey. This gentleman endeavored to deduce from sacred and profane history, evidences of special wisdom and divine purpose in the events recorded.

Commencing with sacred history, Mr. Kelsey considered that the flood sweeping the earth, as it did, of a race who existed only to perpetuate degeneracy and corruption, evidenced the Designing Hand of Providence in preparing the way for a new stock from whom could be derived a lasting and enduring race. In the dispersion of the human family at the Tower of Babel, he considered might be discovered a purpose to prevent the rise of an overwhelming and crushing despotism and a wise measure to advance the filling up and occupation of the earth.

The leading out of Abraham from Chaldea, with its idolatries and superstitions, and the raising up through Abraham of a chosen race, who would preserve amidst the ages of darkness that were to follow, true conceptions of God and His laws; and from whom such views were, in turn, to be transmitted to European nations when they should be fitted to receive them—was referred to as marking a connected chain of purposes, and as a singular evidence of Divine preparation for the future of the world's history.

Mr. Kelsey then referred to the decree by which four hundred years were to elapse from the period of the promise to Abraham, and the time when his children would actually occupy the land. In this arrangement he thought could be discerned a double purpose: First, the fulfilment of the curse pronounced upon the descendents of Canaan. They becoming, in this case, "hewers of wood, drawers of water," and builders of cities for the Israelitish nations; and secondly its affording an opportunity for the working out of a national experience for Israel, calculated to fit them for their destined mission as preservers of the "oracles of God," and chief witnesses to all time of His existence and doings.

Turning to the details of the life of Abraham, with that of Isaac, Jacob, and Joseph, our lecturer thought that the reason of their selection for the distinguished positions they respectively occupied, were clearly to be seen in their remarkable fitness for the missions assigned them. In the first place, the wisdom in the choice of Abraham for his position as head of the chosen people, was seen in his stern inflexibility of character—the resolution with which he stepped out from his father's home and isolated himself for life in opposition to idolatry, to say nothing of the greatness of character that could put the knife to his own heart through that of Isaac's, in obedience to Heaven. In Isaac's life, Mr. Kelsey considered, we had also a clear illustration of a managing Providence. Isaac was a quiet, undemonstrative man, introduced apparently to fill up the interregnum till a more marked character than himself should come along. To Isaac, by a most peculiar and special providence, Rebecca was sent as a wife, through the special influences of revelation upon whose mind, Jacob, contrary to the law of heirship, but according to the will of heaven, obtained the patriarchal authority, and the headship of the House. The superior wisdom of the Heavens in thus selecting Jacob to this position in preference to Esau, the mere hunter of the fields, was manifest, Mr. Kelsey considered, in his possession of that indomitable will that wrestled with the Heavens and prevailed, which marked him as fit to represent the Abrahamic spirit, and justified the wisdom of the inspiration which, at his birth, declared to his mother that "the elder should serve the younger."

Another beautiful evidence of fitness and adaptation to a divine purpose, the lecturer thought, could be traced in the character of Joseph, declared by a revealing spirit, while yet a boy, to be the head of his father's family—"the sheaf" to which the "eleven other sheafs were to bow," his after-life demonstrated the wonderful wisdom of that preference above his brethren. While Reuben defiled his father's bed, and Judah exhibited a lack of purity of life; while some were "truce breakers" and nearly all were weak enough to sell their own brother into slavery because of petty jealousy, Joseph developed a surpassing greatness of character. His impregnable chastity under extraordinary temptation; his constant acknowledgement of Providence and reference of all his success and wisdom to God; his incomparable tenderness of heart and sense of justice, together with his high administrative abilities all justified the wisdom of the foreseeing spirit that predicted his future greatness, and yields us additional evidence of the part which Providence plays by its selection of character in the affairs of men.

In the separation of Joseph from his father's family, Mr. Kelsey held, we had one of those wonderful series of providences, the skill and beauty of which, after years, alone disclosed. By his captivity was brought about not only the salvation of a great nation from famine and perhaps dissolution, but a way was prepared for the protection of the then undeveloped family of Jacob till they were strong enough to take care of themselves. It introduced them at once to distinction and influence. They went to Egypt, if not as the relatives of the great Pharoah, himself, at least of his prime minister and special favorite. The cruelties to which they were, many years afterward, subjected did not occur till just at the very time when it was necessary that they should leave that country, and were even special providences themselves in their behalf, for they resulted in their resolution into a distinct national existence—and were, as Mr. Kelsey remarked, some of those peculiar ways by which the Almighty makes people "willing in the day

of his power." It made them very "willing" to leave Egypt at any rate and so far helped to work out the general programme.

We present these views on the subject of divine providences, not necessarily as authoritative by any means, but as highly suggestive, and calculated to impart to the thinking among our readers an idea of the beauties that a true study of biblical history may disclose. In our next we may refer to a few of the indications of the same Over-ruling Hand as more particularly seen in profane history.

THEATRICAL INFLUENCES.

It has long been a settled question that the Drama is a power for good in the world, but it is yet a mooted point as to the way in which its influence should be brought to bear on society. Many conscientiously believe that the stage best effects that object, by representing deeds of vice detailed in all their horrible consequences before the eyes of an audience.—This view is held much on the ground that certain religionists hold that alarmingly drawn pictures of damnation best serve the purpose of God in turning sinners off the populous road that leads below. Others, and we are of that class, believe that such exhibitions more tend to familiarize the mind with crime than create any aversion thereto.

It is held, and we think correctly, that it is only by appealing to the higher instincts of men and women, and by arousing their perceptions of what is lovely and true, that the stage ever converts any one to a higher or better course.

On this subject we quote from "Olive Logan," a writer in the *Galaxy*. This lady not only seems to have a horror of the production of the hateful and revolting on the stage; but she is equally at war with the opposite extreme of long drawn pious speeches, and what she calls "moral gags," put into the mouths of speechifying examples of propriety—who talk on the stage as nobody ever heard any one but a hypocrite talk off it. She says:

"'There has been a deal of stupid talk in this world about the "warning influence" of plays which hold the mirror up to vice. This also is born of cant. We hsve heard of thievishly-inclined apprentices being "warned" from putting their fingers into their employers cash-box by witnessing the career of *George Barnwell*. We have been told of terrible creatures, who were ripe for murder, being so horror-stricken over the woes of *Macbeth*, that they immediately put on a clean shirt and joined the church. All stuff. I contend that it is just here that we may look for the worst influence of the play-house; the "leg business" is trivial in comparison with the "moral drama," so far as its bad influence upon auditors is concerned. These horrible representations of vice ought to be banished the stage. * * *

The first aim of even the "moral drama" is to entertain, and if it fail in that, nobody will go to see it.—But by making the amusement pure and beautiful in itself, the theatre insensibly exerts a good influence. It is not necessary to preach morality, but to exhibit amusing, refining and agreeable phases of life—real life—that we may not be disgusted with human nature. The dramatist who goes out of his way to inculcate a moral, does an unprofitable thing. It is the *tone* that runs through a play which renders it beneficial. It stirs to laughter or sympathetic tears; it touches the cords of sweet emotion in the spectators. When it curdles their blood with horror, makes them shiver, it is as pernicious and hateful as when it panders to vice.

These opinions are only the result of careful and thoughtful observation, not of any philosophic theory. I am neither philosopher nor moralist, but like Mr. Emerson, I can "say what I see." I cannot prove myself right, in any logical and crushing way. But, woman-like, I can ask a question, and I will. Who most love the so-called "moral drama?" The Bowery boys. Who cheer the loudest at a melo-dramatic and high-sounding moral "gag" from an actor's tongue? The little rascals of the Old Bowery pit, who would pick your pocket without a scruple. "Ha-a-a, villun," roars the gallant young sailor in his immaculate white trousers and kid slippers, "I have unmasked ye. Begone, villun! and know—aha—that he who would lie to his wife would not hesitate to rob a bank of millions!" And "hi! hi!" shout the dirty little gallery gods. They like it—it suits their ideas exactly—but be careful they do not get too near you when you are leaving the theatre, or your pocket-book may change owners.' "

So much for Olive Logan. So far, however, as utter purification of the stage from all that is sensational and low is concerned we are aware that managers cannot travel much faster than public taste improves. We can in this, as in other matters, but draw attention to what we consider correct models of action to be adopted as fast as possible.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOTE.—Correspondence is invited from our friends.

K, Sanpe'e.—Petrification is caused by the deposition of stony particles in the pores of wood or any other substance undergoing the process.—This is the fullest account we can give of it at present. We have now, however, commenced some articles on Geology and greater details may appear as we go along.

ENQUIRER.—The common saying, "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," originated in one of Gray's odes. The expression was uttered with reference to the "innocence" and "bliss" of childhood in contrast to the wisdom but greater cares of manhood. It was not intended to have the application commonly made of it. In reference to the term Editress as applied to a "female brother" of the editorial persuasion, it is correct enough.

X Y Z, 20th Ward.—"Is eternal damnation one of the doctrines of Swedenborg?"—Swedenborg teaches that the Lord foredooms none to hell, condemns none, and punishes none, but gives to every one the utmost aid that will leave him at liberty to turn himself to heaven or to hell. Those who resist divine grace and confirm evil in themselves become devils thereby, and their association, in Swedenborg's opinion constitutes all the hell that exists. On this account it may be said that Swedenborg disbelieves in damnation, eternal or otherwise in the popular sense of that word. Still, so far as the kind of hell he does believe in is concerned, it would appear that he believes that all who tend towards that condition in this life, after death experience no change for the better, but are gradually confirmed in evil until they become devils for evermore.

METAPHYSICAL.—The question whether a germ of each body is preserved during the process of decay, and previous to its recomposition or resurrection, is an interesting one; but one upon which we have never heard an authoritative declaration. The idea of a germ remaining after death as a center around which to re-organize the dissolved structure, originated, we suppose, from Paul's language where he compared the burial of the body to a grain of wheat put into the ground. Paul says "that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die." With all possible respect to Paul, that which we sow in the shape of wheat is quickened without any death beyond the necessary decomposition of the outer shell which holds captive the infant plant. Doubtless Paul used the best figures at his command, but to our minds, there is more analogy in the sowing of wheat to a birth, than there is to a resurrection.

THE CREAM OF THE PAPERS.

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN CHINA.

[FROM "BOW BELLS".]

The commencement of the Chinese year is varying, as they divide it in months, according to the moon's movements. It is generally in February, sometimes even in March.

The week before the "first sunrise"—as the festival is called by the Chinese—the whole population of a town make their preparations for the day, the principal part being the settlement of their accounts. The greatest desire of the Chinese, whatever his business and situation in society may be, is to see his accounts in the greatest possible order at the year's end. Therefore, you have to pay him at that time; and he, in return, accomplishes his own obligations, or, if this is impossible, he at least draws his balance-sheet. Busy people of all classes are then hurrying through the streets on foot or in sedan-chairs, all to pay and to get paid; and banks, magazines, and offices are crowded with customers to settle their accounts, or with creditors to realize their claims.

There are a good many purchases to be made for the festival; for the Chinese—although they eat, drink, and dress themselves extremely cheap—are extravagant on great holidays, and especially on New Year's Day. Ducks, chickens, geese, pigs, and those numerous curious dainty bits, which can be valuable only for Chinese palates, must then be bought. Furs, silk and cloth dresses, have to be taken from the pawnbrokers' shops, or bought anew. Boots, shoes, and festival caps; tapers, incense, and gold and silver paper, must be bought, the latter to scare evil spirits and to attire the graves of relations. A very important article forms the varnished and painted lanterns for hand and family use. Thousands of other things are used on that day, a notion of which it is quite impossible to give.

Imagine, if you can, what crowds and noise are caused thereby in a populated Chinese city—the more, as the Chinese always and everywhere talk in a loud, screaming voice; all loads are carried on the shoulders of men, who deem it necessary to open a passage for themselves through the crowd by shrill cries.

Street illumination is quite unknown in China; and you therefore are obliged to take your own lantern with you when you have anything to do out of doors at night. Lanterns are burning before every temple, house, or magazine; they are made either of paper or silk, put on bamboo sticks, and varnished. Glass lanterns are also in use, but only very few. All are painted with family names. Black and red colors are most in use for coloring lanterns, and some are painted with caligraphic art. The wealthier the family, or the better the business, the more artful and solid is the lantern and its inscription. Every one walks about in this manner with his name or firm on his lantern, whilst magazines hang out larger ones. Gamblers and thieves, of course, do not want to make the police acquainted with their names, and therefore put very common names, like our Smith, etc., on their lanterns. The most common Chinese name is "Wang" (King.)

Nobody walks at night, in the street, without his lantern. The writer remembers a large fire in Canton, which made the night as clear as day; but, nevertheless, thousands of people were standing around with lanterns in their hands, giving the scene a magic appearance.

Another peculiarity we have to mention is the hanging up of mottoes. No Chinese having a home—it may be a palace or a villa, a rich laden barge, or a poor dirty boat that he lives in—is satisfied before he has adorned it with mottoes, sentences, classical quotations, etc.; they are painted on scarlet, red, or carmine paper. When the family is in deep mourning, they paint the mottoes on white; when in half mourning, on blue paper. In case they have more than one house, they have to put at least two mottoes on the wall which is opposite the door. Those ornaments are renewed at the beginning of a year, and their fabrication occupies a good many people, who draw them with camel-hair brushes, which are in general use in that country.

All that noise, hurrying and screaming which we described above, increases the nearer the new year approaches, and reaches its highest point on the last day of the old year, when a wonderful change takes place. All business is suspended on the evening of that day, and pilgrimages from temple to temple begin and last all night. The streets are still crowded, but all are dressed in their best clothes, and every one has a package containing incense and silver paper, with which they go round from temple to temple to burn the incense.

The scenes in the different temples are of a very peculiar kind. All temples are crowded, and the smell and smoke of fireworks and incense make the heavy, sultry air still more intolerable. Enormous lanterns throw their flashing light through the low buildings; and priests stand at the altars in uninterrupted service; and endless is the crowd of neatly dressed men, women, and children who gather there to say New Year prayers.* The ceremony is very original, and changes very often, consisting of a certain number of bows and genuflexions.—About three o'clock in the morning is the most interesting point of the ceremony. All present in church begin to fire their rockets and fireworks; and in some places, as, for instance, in Canton, they fire rockets not only in temples, but also in the streets which causes a tremendous noise.

All is over when daylight shines of the first day of the New Year, and it is for some time still in the streets. Nine o'clock brings some movement over this silence. Nice and fantastically dressed women and children appear in doors and windows to see and to be seen; and here and there you see gentlemen, carefuly dressed, making their New Year calls. All shops, however, remain closed and nowhere, is business done, except, perhaps, in some street corner where a higgler sells sweets or a gambler puts up his faro bank.

FORESEEING.—A FACT.

[FROM THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.]

MR. EDITOR:—As much has been said of late in your excellent Journal about "Foreseeing" and "Foreknowing," permit me to narrate an incident in my experience. In the year 1859 I was attending school about seventy miles from home. One evening a room-mate suggested as a pastime that we should try which of us could draw the best profile of a lady. I assented, and we commenced. I am no artist; never was, and never pretended to be one; but now it seemed as though I could portray anything, any one, or whatever I pleased. My friend soon finished his drawing, and spoke to me (as he afterward told me), but I made no reply, and seemed intent upon my work. He could not make me raise my eyes, move a muscle, or divert my attention in any way; so, thinking I was simply "contrary," he left the room, and was away, I think, about three hours. When he returned, he said I was sitting in the same position as when he left me, but I was not drawing. I had finished my picture, my eyes were closed, and my face very pale. As for me, I remember having drawn the outline of my profile, and then all seems a blank. The next thing I can recollect was being lifted off my bed, two days after the occurrence just stated to have my bed made. I was not able to go out of the house for sixteen days after that.

The portrait which I had drawn was considered by good judges as a fine one, and, although drawn upon unsuitable paper, and with a single pencil, had every feature and expression as plainly and clearly delineated as any pencil drawing I ever saw. It resembled no one I had ever seen at the time, but it seemed as if I should some day see, love, and marry the original of my strange drawing.

During the remainder of my stay at school, I looked for her in every concourse of people, but in vain! On returning home I was requested to show my "sleepy drawing" which I had written so much about. The first one who saw it exclaimed, "Why, this is Miss ——, our new neighbor!" (One of our neighbors, during my absence, had "sold out," and a man and his family from the East had taken possession.) Finally, all claimed that it was an exact likeness of the new-comer's daughter. The next day they (the neighbors) were all invited to spend an evening at our house. They came—when, behold! there was the very face I had been searching for, and the exact original to my drawing! She is now my wife. We loved each other "at first sight;" neither of us had ever loved before, and a happier couple are not often found. The profile is hanging in our parlor in a gilt frame, and is the subject of scrutiny for every visitor, and a wonder to all; but few know its true history.

K. N.

SPECIMENS OF YANKEE HUMOR

[FROM LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.]

It has been remarked that if a Yankee was shipwrecked overnight on an unknown island, he would be going round the first thing in the morning trying to sell maps to the inhabitants.—"Put him," says Lowell, "on Juan Fernandez, and he would make a spelling book first and a salt-pan afterwards." A long,

hard warfare with necessity has made him one of the handiest, shiftiest, thriftiest of mortals. In trading, he is the very incarnation of the keenest shrewdness. He will be sure to do business under the most adverse circumstances, and secure a profit also. This propensity is portrayed in the story of Jam Jones; that worthy, we are told, called at the store of a Mr. Brown, with an egg in his hand, and wanted to "dicker" it for a darning-needle. This done, he asks Mr. Brown if he isn't "going to treat!" "What, on that trade?" "Certainly; a trade is a trade, big or little." "Well, what will you have?" "A glass of wine," said Jones. The wine was poured out, and Jones remarked that he preferred his wine with an egg in it. The store-keeper handed to him the identical egg which he had just changed for the darning-needle. On breaking it, Jones discovered that the egg had TWO yolks. Says he, "Look here,—you must give me another darning needle!"

We are told that there was a paper in Cincinnati which was very much given to "high falutin" on the subject of "this great country," until a rival paper somewhat modified its continual bounce with the following burlesque:—

"This is a glorious country! It has longer rivers and more of them, and they are muddier and deeper, and run faster, and rise higher, and make more noise, and fall lower, and do more damage than anybody else's rivers. It has more lakes, and they are bigger and deeper, and clearer, and wetter than those of any other country. Our rail-cars are bigger, and run faster, and pitch off the track oftener, and kill more people than all other rail-cars in this and every other country. Our steamboats carry bigger loads, are longer and broader, burst their boilers oftener, and send up their passengers higher, and the captains swear harder than steamboat captains in any other country.—Our men are bigger, and longer, and thicker; can fight harder and faster, and drink more mean whisky, chew more bad tobacco, and spit more, and spit farther than in any other country. Our ladies are richer, prettier, dress finer, and spend more money, break more hearts, wear bigger hoops, shorter dresses, and kick up the devil generally to a greater extent than all other ladies in all other countries. Our children squall louder, grow faster, get too expansive for their pantaloons, and become twenty years old sooner by some months than any other children of any other country on the earth."

An article entitled, "Are we a Good-looking People?" appeared in "Putnam's Monthly Magazine," March, 1853, the writer of which maintains that "man has never had so fair a chance as in America,"—not only of living in the world or of diversifying his way of going out of it, but he emphatically asserts that, until the American woman was formed, or re-formed, man had never had but half a chance of coming into the world. "It is easier, say the midwives, to come into this world of America than any other world extant."

This tendency to humorous exaggeration has run to riot in the Yankee mind, especially in that which is a dweller somewhere "down East" or "out West."

Something vast in this way might have been anticipated from a people born and bound to "whip all creation;" the children of "Nature and of Freedom," half horse and half alligator, with a dash of earthquake, whose country is bounded "on the East by the Atlantic ocean, on the North by Aurora Borealis, on the West by the setting Sun, and on the South by the Day of Judgment." The geography has been too much for the brain.—Thus we meet with a Yankee in England who is afraid of taking his usual morning walk lest he should step off the edge of the country. Another who had been to Europe, when asked if he had crossed the Alps, said he guessed they did come over some "risin' greound."

It is related of one of this class which nothing astonishes, nothing upsets, that he wanted to send a message by telegraph, something like a thousand miles, and, on being informed that it would take ten minutes said "he couldn't wait."

Here is a bit of Yankee humor; it is so ridiculous as to be within one step of the sublime:—A traveler called at a hotel in Albany, and asked the waiter for a bootjack. "What for?" said the astonished waiter. "To take off my boots." "Jabers what a fut!" the waiter remarked, as he surveyed the monstrosity, for the man had an enormous foot. At length, we may say at full length, he gave it as his opinion that there wasn't a bootjack in all creation of any use for a 'fut' like that, and if the traveler wanted "them are" boots off, he would have to go back "to the forks in the road to get them off."

It may have been "out West" that the thieves were so "smart" they stole a felled walnut-tree in the night-time; drew the log right slick out of the bark, and left the five watchers sitting fast asleep astride the rind! Kentucky must have the credit for that wonderful curative ointment, which was so effective that when a dog's tail had been cut off, they had only to apply the ointment, whereupon a new tail instantly sprouted; and a youngster, with a genuine Yankee turn of thought, picked up the old tail and tried the ointment upon it, when it grew into a second dog, so like the other that no one could tell which was which.

UNCLE TOBY AND THE WIDOW.

Uncle Toby was a fine old general who, having spent most of his life in the field of Mars, knew very litle about the camp of Cupid. He was one of those rough and honest spirits often met with in his noble profession, innocent as an infant of almost everything save high integrity and indomitable bravery. He was nearly fifty years old and his toils were over, when Mr. Dan made him acquainted with a widow Wadman, in whose eyes he began to detect something that made him feel uneasy. Here was the result of leisure.

At length, however, the blunt honesty of his disposition rose uppermost among his conflicting plans, and his course was chosen. At school he had once studied "Othello's Defense," to recite at an exhibition, but made a failure; he recollected that there was something in this defense to recite very much like what he wanted to say. He got the book immediately, found the passage, clapped on his hat with a determined air, and posted off to the widow Wadman's with Shakspeare under his arm.

"Madame,' said General Uncle Toby, opening the book at the marked place, with the solemnity of a special pleading at the bar—"Madame,"

"Rude am I in my speech,
And little blessed with the set phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years pith
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore—"

Here the general closed the book, wiped his forehead, looked up at the ceiling, and said with a spasmodic gasp, "I want to get married!"

The widow laughed for ten minutes by the watch before she could utter a syllable, and then she said with precious tears of humor rolling down her good natured cheeks, "And who is it you want to marry, general?"

"It is you," said Uncle Toby, flourishing his sword arm in the air, and assuming a military attitude of defiance, as if he expected an assault from the widow immediately.

"Will you kill me if I marry you'" said the widow, with a merry twinkle in her eye.

"No, madame," replied Uncle Toby, in a most serious and deprecating tone, as if to assure her that such an idea had never entered his head.

"Well then, I guess I'll marry you." said the widow

"Thank you, ma'am," said Uncle Toby, "but one thing I am bound to tell you—I wear a wig."

The widow started, remained silent a moment and then went into a longer and merrier laugh than she had indulged in before, at the end of which she drew her seat nearer the general, gravely laid her hand on his head, gently lifted his wig off and placed it on the table.

General Uncle Toby had never known fear in hot battle, but he now felt a decided inclination to run away. The widow laughed again, as though she would never stop, and the general was about to put his hat upon his denuded head and bolt, when the facetious lady placed her hand upon his arm and detained him. She then raised her hand to her own head with a rapid manœuvre, and with her finger pulled off her whole head of fine glossy hair, and placing it upon the table by the side of the general's, remained seated with ludicrous gravity in front of her accepted lover, quite bald!

As may be expected, Uncle Toby now soon laughed along with the widow, and they grew so merry over the affair that the maid-servant peeped through the key-hole at the noise, and saw the old couple dancing a jig and hobbing their bald pates at each other like a pair of Chinese mandarins. So the two very shortly laid their heads together upon the pillows of matrimony.

GOSSIP OF THE DAY:

PERSONAL, SCIENTIFIC, AND OTHERWISE.

The Sultan and His Son.—Our correspondent in Vienna writes: 'As long as the Sultan was in Vienna his presence engrossed every one's attention. One of the most brilliant sights was a review held on a field near Schonbrunn, where he appeared with a numerous oriental suite in magnificent and rare dresses. The Circassian warriors who were with him attracted the wondering gaze of all present.

'Once when in the Theatre with his little son, the child at a part which greatly delighted him, turned round to some high dignitary in attendance, and seemed asking for something which he had greatly at heart. There was a momentary debate, and the officer in question left the box and returned with a Nubian, who stood behind the child and witnessed the performance. The little prince was evidently so delighted with the fairy spectacle on the stage, that he wanted his favorite attendant to share his pleasure and asked permission for him to do so.

Gold Digging in Paris.—I find a profound calculation in one of the French papers. It is proposed to start a company in Paris to dig for gold in the cemeteries. What gold? That which has been used in stopping teeth. There are buried in Paris every day more than 125 persons. It is reckoned that of these at least ten have auriferous jaws, and that in these ten there may be an average of ten auriferous teeth. So the calculation proceeds, and Paris is threatened with a resurrection company. If the average of gold-filled teeth which the promoters of the company count upon, seem to be too great, let me state a London fact which seems to corroborate their expectations. I remember once looking into the accounts of one the best known clubs in Pall Mall—what matters which?—the Mental, the Continental, the Alimental, the Ornamental, or the Regimental? I was much struck with one item in the annual expenditure—£10 for tooth-picks. 'Into what a nest of hollow-toothed old fogies have I fallen,' methought. These be the sort of jaws in which our Paris friends expect to find the gold deposits.

Rag Churches.—There is a church actually existing near Bergen, which can contain nearly one thousand persons. It is circular within, octagonal without. The relievos outside, and the statues within, the roof, the ceiling, the Corinthian capitals, are all of papier-mache, rendered waterproof by saturation in vitriol, lime-water, whey, and white of egg. We have not yet reached this audacity in our use of paper; but it should hardly surprise us, inasmuch as we employ the same material in private houses, in steamboats, and in some public buildings, instead of carved decorations and plaster cornices. When Frederick II., of Prussia, set up a limited papier-mache manufactory, at Berlin, in 1765, he little thought that paper cathedrals might, within a century, spring out of his snuff-boxes, by the sleight-of-hand of art. At present, we old-fashioned English, who haunt cathedrals and build churches, like stone better. But there is no saying what we may come to. It is not very long since it would have seemed as impossible to cover eighteen acres with glass, as to erect a pagoda with soap bubbles; yet the thing is done. When we think of a psalm sung by 1,000 voices pealing through the edifice made of rags, and the universal element bound down to carry our messages with the speed of light, it would be presumptuous to say what cannot be achieved by science and art, under the training of steady old Time.

King Theodore and the Spirits.—A correspondent of the 'Times' of India, writing from Annesley Bay, says: 'Abyssinia, the land of superstition, has of course its witches of Endor. I heard a good story the other day illustrating the popular feeling of the country against Theodorus, and the result of our advent. The King, so the story said, heard the news with a troubled countenance, and determined to consult the spirits of his fathers. They were summoned, and appeared before him. The King: Tell me my fate. Shall I conquer as I have always conquered? Spirits: No; thy time has come; prepare thyself. The King: Let me reign but three years more, and I will redeem the past. Spirits: No. The King: But two years; let me reign but two years. Spirits: No; not one year. Thou hast been tried and found wanting. The blood of slaughtered thousands cries aloud for vengeance. But stay! There is yet one chance. Relinquish sovereignty, return to the country, be again a tiller of the soil, earn thy bread by the sweat of thy brow, and live! The King was very irate, and the spirits were directed to go to ——, the place from whence they came.'

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

HOW TO TAKE A DIME OUT OF ONE'S HAND, THOUGH HE SEEMS TO HOLD IT FAST.

Put a little wax on your thumb and take a bystander by his fingers, showing him the dime, and telling him you put the same in his hand, then wring it down hard with your waxed thumb, and pronounce some Latin words, look him full in the face, and as soon as you perceive him looking in your face, or on your hand, suddenly take away your thumb, and close his hand, and it will seem to him that the dime remains; even if you wring a dime upon one's forehead, it will seem to him to stick when it is taken away, especially if it be wet; then cause him to hold his hand still, and with speed put it in your own; when he opens his hand, the dime is not there, but you have it, which will not a little surprise the company. By this device almost a hundred conceits may be shown.

THE SELF-BALANCED PAIL.

Lay a stick across the table, letting one-third of it project over the edge; and you undertake to hang a pail of water on it, without either fastening the stick on the table, or letting the pail rest on any support; and this feat the laws of gravitation will enable you literally to accomplish.

Take a pail of water, and hang it by the handle upon the projecting end of the stick in such a manner that the handle may rest on in an inclined position, with the middle of the pail within the edge of the table. That it may be fixed in this situation, place another stick with one of its ends resting against the side at the bottom of the pail, and its other end against the first stick, where there should be a notch to retain it. By these means the pail will remain fixed in that situation, without being able to incline to either side, nor can the stick slide along the table, or move along its edge, without raising the centre of gravity of the pail and the water it contains.

LADIES' TABLE.

FLOWER VASE STAND.

Materials.—Shaded green, shaded scarlet, and shaded amber. Berlin wool; meshes, Nos. 1, 4, and 8.

With scarlet make a foundation of 25 loops on mesh No. 4; join and net 1 round on mesh No. 8; fasten on the green; net 2 loops in one; then net three rounds more with green, without increasing; fasten on the scarlet, net 1 round on mesh No. 4, 2 on mesh No. 8, 1 on mesh No. 4 and 2 on mesh No. 8; fasten on the green; net 6 loops in every loop in mesh No. 1; net 1 round with amber on mesh No. 8; fasten on the scarlet wool in the 4th round from edge—that is, in the same loops as that in which the row of scarlet, netted on mesh No. 4, was netted; into this row net 1 row on mesh No. 8; net 2 more rows with scarlet on mesh No. 8, then with green net 6 loops on each loop on mesh No. 1; net 1 row with amber on mesh No. 8, fasten on the scarlet in the last row of green in the centre of the mat; into this row net 1 row on mesh No. 8; then net 6 more rows on the same mesh; net 6 loops in each loop on mesh No. 1; 1 row with amber on mesh No. 8.

PRETTY PATTERN FOR A BREAD CLOTH.

Make a chain the length required, and work two rows of squares.

1st Pattern Row—1 square, 9 long, 5 squares, and repeat.

2d Pattern Row—4 long, 1 square, 3 long, 1 square, 3 long, 3 squares and repeat.

3d Pattern Row—1 square, 9 long, 1 square, repeat

4th Pattern Row—1 square, 9 long, 5 squares, repeat.

5th Pattern Row—2 squares, (*) 3 long, 7 square, repeat from (*), 2 rows of squares between each pattern, and repeat till you have the length required.

[From the "Popular Educator."]

LESSONS IN GEOLOGY.—No. 2.

We continue our supposed journey from the vicinity of London to Brighton, because, as we said in last number, the queries that are made by the writer are suggestive of the reflections that should occur to a student of Geology in observing the strata of the earth in any part of the world.

"At St. John's common, you pass a rock that is crammed with shells. This rock is called Sussex marble. Did these shells ever live? What kind of shells are they? Are they like those in the sea, or like those found in rivers? If like those of rivers, is it likely that an immense river ever flowed in this district?—While you are pondering these questions, you come to Stonepound Gate, near Hurstperpoint, and you again enter the very sands which you left at Reigate station. How is this? Did these sands ever form one continuous bed? If so, how came they to be separated? How came the rocks of Tilgate Forest to rise between them? And now observe that, as soon as you pass through these sands, you again enter the white chalk, as if you were going back from Redhill to London, instead of being on your way to Brighton. You have now reached Brighton. Look about you. Take a walk on the sea-shore near Kemp Town. Look towards Rottingdean. Close to the water side you find a low cliff or bank of chalk. Resting on this wall of chalk you find a large and somewhat thick mass of loose soil, abounding with shingle, and large round stones, called boulders. What are these stones?—Are they flints? No. Are they granite, like the stones that pave the streets of London? If so, how came they to Brighton? Where did they come from? The granite rocks nearest to Brighton are either in Cornwall or at Aberdeen in Scotland. Did the sea bring these granite stones from Cornwall? Will their color help us to ascertain whether they come from Cornwall, or from Scotland? Did the present sea bring them? If so, how is it that they are much higher than the high water-mark? Was there once a sea higher than the present? Was this the beach of that ancient sea? How did the sea change its level? Did the sea retire and sink? or did the land rise? How could this be? But look higher up. Resting upon this ancient sea-beach, you find a high cliff, consisting altogether of clay. What clay is this? Is it the same clay that you passed at New Cross? Why is it called the Elephant Bed? Did elephants ever live in this neighborhood? If so, what was the climate of this region at that time?

On your return to London, put all these questions together, and try to obtain some intelligible truths out of them. Bethink yourself of the journey that you have made. You have begun and ended your excursion in a deep bed of clay, at New Cross and at Kemp Town. You have passed through two rocks of chalk, one between Croydon and Merstham, and the other at Clayton-hill, near Brighton. You have crossed two beds of Shanklin sands, one at Redhill, and the other near Hurstperpoint. You have traveled through two beds of what are called Wealden rocks, one near Hayward Heath, dipping to the northeast; and the other, near Balcombe, dipping to the southwest.

INSTRUCTIONS TO MECHANICS.

In this Department we shall not only seek to give instructions to Mechanics and Artists, but to furnish hints and suggestions useful to all intending to provide themselves with durable, comfortable and economical homes.

CARPENTERS.

SLOAN, ON JOISTS AND PARTITIONS.—CONTINUED.

Where stud-partitions cross a room of large span, some provision for the support of the weight thus added should be made; the simpler mode of doing this is to double and pin together the joists directly beneath the line of partition, but a more effective method is found in the use of struts [that is by so framing the partition that braces run from each end of the partition sill—where they butt against the walls of the room—up against notches in the studs which form the doorway in the centre of the room, and by supporting them, support the sill to which they are strongly connected at their feet, and thus prevent the whole sinking.—ED.]

The crowning or *cambering* of joists is a very good practice; this consists in dressing the upper edge of the joist with a curve in the direction of its length, the rise above a straight line varying from half an inch to an inch, in proportion to the length of the joist; in the first place, this has a tendency to prevent a sagging or deflection of the floor, and in the second place, the sinking must be considerable before the floor in the centre falls below the plane of the floor-line at the walls. With the bridging above spoken of, and the crowning here described it is scarcely possible for a well-joisted floor of reasonable span to succumb to any pressure likely to occur in dwelling apartments. We mean by *well-joisted*, a sufficient number of joists of sufficient dimensions. We would seldom place flooring-joists more than sixteen inches between centers, and never, except for very small apartments, recommend the use of less than two and a half by ten inch joists.

LESSONS IN FRENCH.

LESSON II.

In this second lesson, we cannot do better than to begin by explaining the use of the 'articles.' They occur in almost every sentence. The articles in English are—*the* and *a* (or *an*), the former of which is called the definite article, the latter the indefinite article, according to their reference to some particular or definite subject or object; and, on the other hand, to some object in its general or indefinite sense. For example—"*The* man who killed Philip of Macedon was a monomaniac" is a sentence containing the definite article before *man*, because that particular man is meant. But the indefinite article is used in the sentence—"*A* man who kills another for the sake of notoriety must be afflicted with a monomania." Here any man who commits the act in question is meant, and the indefinite article is therefore used before *man*.

The articles in French are *le* or *la* (the), and *un* or *une* (a, an). *Le* is the masculine, and la the feminine; as *le roi*—pronounce the *le* like the first two letters in '*luck*,' and the *roi*, roo-awe (the king); and *la reine*—pronounced lah-rane (the queen) It would sound in French as absurd to say 'le reine, or 'la roi,' as it would in English, when speaking of a man, to say '*she*,' or of a woman, to say '*he*.'